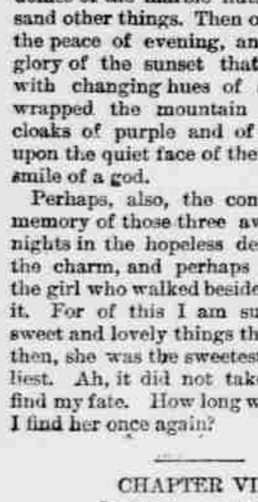
worked the mine, built the marble huts, The world is old, and no doubt plenty of people have lived in it and been forgotten."

Then we rode on in silence. I have seen many beautiful sights in Africa, and in such matters, as in others, comparisons are odious and worthless, but I do not think that I ever saw a lovelier scene. It was no one thing—it was the combination of the mighty peak looking forth on to the everlasting plains, the great cliffs, the waterfalls that sparkled in rainbow hues, the rivers girdling the rich cultivated lands, the gold specked green of the orange trees, the flashing domes of the marble huts, and a thousand other things. Then over all brooded the peace of evening, and the infinite glory of the sunset that filled heaven with changing hues of splendor, that wrapped the mountain and cliffs in cloaks of purple and of gold, and lay upon the quiet face of the water like the smile of a god.

Perhaps, also, the contrast and the memory of those three awful days and nights in the hopeless desert enhanced the charm, and perhaps the beauty of the girl who walked beside me completed it. For of this I am sure, that of all sweet and lovely things that I looked on then, she was the sweetest and the loveliest. Ah, it did not take me long to find my fate. How long will it be before I find her once again?

CHAPTER VIII.



AT LENGTH the last platform, or terrace, was reached, and we pulled up outside the wall surrounding the central group of marble huts—for so I must call them, for want of a better name. Our approach had been observed by a crowd of natives, whose race I have never been able to determine accurately; they belonged to the Basutu and peaceful section of the Bantu peoples rather than to the Zulu and warlike. Several of these ran up to take the horses, gazing on us with astonishment, not unmixed with awe. We dismounted—speaking for myself, not without difficulty—indeed, had it not been for Stella's support I should have fallen.

"Now you must come and see my father," she said. "I wonder what he will think of it, it is all so strange. Hendrika, take the child to my hut and give her milk, then put her into my bed; I will come presently."

Hendrika went off with a somewhat ugly grin to do her mistress' bidding, and Stella led the way through the narrow gateway in the marble wall, which may have inclosed nearly half an "erf," or three-quarters of an acre of ground in all. It was beautifully planted as a garden, many European vegetables and flowers were growing in it, besides others with which I was not acquainted. Presently we came to the center hut, and it was then that I noticed the extraordinary beauty and finish of the marble masonry. In the hut and facing the gateway was a modern door, rather rudely fashioned of Bucken pont, a beautiful reddish wood that has the appearance of having been sedulously pricked with a pin. Stella opened it, and we entered. The interior of the hut was the size of a large and lofty room, the walls being formed of plain polished marble. It was lighted somewhat dimly, but quite effectively, by peculiar openings in the roof, from which the rain was excluded by overhanging eaves. The marble floor was strewn with native mats and skins of animals. Bookcases filled with books were placed against the walls, there was a table in the center, chairs seated with rimpi or strips of hide stood about, and beyond the table was a couch on which a man was lying reading.

"Is that you, Stella?" said a voice, that even after so many years seemed familiar to me. "Where have you been, my dear? I began to think that you had lost yourself again."

"No, father, dear, I have not lost myself, but I have found somebody else."

At that moment I stepped forward so that the light fell on me. The old gentleman on the couch rose with some difficulty and bowed with much courtesy. He was a fine-looking old man, with deep-set dark eyes, a pale face, that bore many traces of physical and mental suffering, and a long white beard.

"Be welcome, sir," he said. "It is long since we have seen a white face in these wilds, and yours, if I am not mistaken, is that of an Englishman. There has been no Englishman here for ten years, and he, I grieve to say, was an outcast flying from justice," and he bowed again and stretched out his hand.

I looked at him, and then of a sudden his name flashed back into my mind. I took his hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Carson?" I said.

He started back as though he had been stung.

"Who told you that name?" he cried. "It is a dead name. Stella, is it you? I forbade you to let it pass your lips."

"I did not speak it, father. I have never spoken it," she answered.

"Sir," I broke in, "if you will allow me, I will show you how I came to know your name. Do you remember many years ago coming into the study of a clergyman in Oxfordshire and telling him that you were going to leave England for ever?"

He bowed his head.

"And do you remember a little boy who sat upon the hearthrug writing with a pencil?"

"I do," he said.

"Sir, I was that boy, and my name is Allan Quatermain. Those children who lay sick are all dead, their mother is dead, and my father, your old friend, is dead also. Like you he emigrated, and last year he died in the Cape. But this is not all the story. After many adventures I, one Kaffir, and a little girl, lay senseless and dying in the bad lands, where we had wandered for days without water, and there we should have perished, but your daughter Miss"——

"Call her Stella," he broke in, hastily. "I cannot bear to hear that name. I have forsworn it."

"Miss Stella found us by chance and saved our lives."

"By chance, did you say, Allan Quatermain?" he answered. "There is little chance in this; such chances spring from another will than ours. Welcome, Allan, son of my old friend. Here we live as it were in a hermitage, with Nature for our only friend, but such as we have is yours, and for as long as you will take it. But you must be starving, talk no more. Stella, it is time for food. Tomorrow we will talk."

To tell the truth I can recall very little more of the events of that evening. A kind of dizzy weariness overmastered me. I remember sitting at a table next to Stella, and eating heartily, and then I remember nothing more.

I awoke to find myself lying on a comfortable bed in a hut built and fashioned on the same model as the center one. While I was wondering what time it was, a native came bringing some clean clothes on his arm, and, luxury of luxuries, produced a bath hollowed from wood. I rose feeling a very different man; my strength had come back again to me. I dressed and, following a covered passage, found myself in the center hut. Here the table was set for breakfast with all manner of good things, such as I had not seen for many a month, which I contemplated with healthy satisfaction. Presently I looked up, and there before me was a more delightful sight, for standing in one of the doorways which led to the sleeping huts was Stella, leading little Tota by the hand.

She was very simply dressed in a loose blue dress, with wide collar, and girdled in at the waist by a little leather belt. In the bosom of her robe was a bunch of orange blooms, and her rippling hair was tied in a single knot behind her shapely head. She greeted me with a smile, asking me how I had slept, and then held Tota up for me to kiss. Under her loving care the child had been quite transformed. She was neatly dressed in a garment of the same stuff that Stella wore, her fair hair was brushed; indeed, had it not been for the sun blisters on her face and hands, one would scarcely have believed that this was the same child that Indaba-zimbi and I had dragged for hour after hour through the burning, waterless desert.

"We must breakfast alone, Mr. Allan," she said; "my father is so upset by your arrival that he will not get up yet. Oh, you cannot tell how thankful I am that you have come. I have been so anxious about him of late. He grows weaker and weaker; it seems to me as though the strength were ebbing away from him. Now he scarcely leaves the kraal; I have to manage everything about the farm, and he does nothing but read and think."

Just then Hendrika entered, bearing a jug of coffee in one hand and of milk in the other, which she sat down upon the table, casting a look of little love at me as she did so.

"Be careful, Hendrika; you are spilling the coffee," said Stella. "Don't you wonder how we come to have coffee here, Mr. Allan? I will tell you—we grow it. That was my idea. Oh, I have lots of thin[gs] to show you. You don't know what we have managed to do in the time that we have been here. You see, we have plenty of labor, for the people about look upon my father as their chief."

"Yes," I said, "but how do you get all of these luxuries of civilization?" and I pointed to the books, the crockery, and the knives and forks.

"Very simply. Most of the books my father brought with him when he first trekked into the wilds; there was nearly a wagon load of them. But every three years we have sent an expedition of these wagons right down to Port Natal. The wagons are loaded with ivory and other goods, and come back with all kinds of things that have been sent out from England for us. You see, although we live in this wild place, we are not altogether cut off. We can send runners to Natal and back in three months, and the wagons get there and back in a year."

"Have you ever been with the wagons?" I asked.

"Since I was a child I have never been more than thirty miles from Babyan's Peak," she answered. "Do you know, Mr. Allan, that you are, with one exception, the first Englishman that I have known out of a book. I suppose that I must seem very wild and savage to you, but I have had one advantage—a good education. My father has taught me everything, and perhaps I know some things that you don't. I can read French and German for instance. I think that my father's first idea was to let me run wild altogether, but he gave it up."

"And don't you wish to go into the world?" I asked.

"Sometimes," she said, "when I get lonely. But perhaps my father is right—perhaps it would frighten and bewilder me. At any rate, he would never return to civilization. It is his idea, you know, though I am sure I do not know where he got it from, nor why he cannot bear that our name should be spoken. In short, Mr. Quatermain, we do not make our lives; we must take them as we find them. Have you done your breakfast? Let us go out and I will show you our domain."

I rose and went to my sleeping place to fetch my hat. When I returned, Mr. Carson—for, after all, that was his name, though he would never allow it to be spoken—had come into the hut. He felt better now, he said, and would accompany us on our walk if Stella would give him an arm.

So we started, and after us came Hendrika with Tota and old Indaba-zimbi, whom I found sitting outside as fresh as paint. Nothing could tire that old man.

The view from the platform was almost as beautiful as that from the lower ground looking up to the peak. The marble kraals, as I have said, faced west, consequently all the upper terrace lay in the shadow of the great peak till nearly 11 o'clock in the morning, which was a great advantage in that warm latitude. First we walked through the garden, which was beautifully cultivated, and one of the most productive that I ever saw. There were three or four natives working in it, and they all saluted my host as "Baba," or father. Then we visited the other two groups of marble huts. One of these was used for stables and outbuildings, the other as storehouses, the center hut having been, however, turned into a chapel. Mr. Carson was not ordained, but he earnestly tried to convert the natives, most of whom were refugees who had come to him for shelter, and he had practiced the more elementary rites of the church for so long that I think he began to believe that he really was a clergyman. For instance, he always married those of his people who would consent to a monogamous existence, and baptized their children.

When we had examined these wonderful remains of antiquity, the marble huts, and admired the orange trees, the vines and fruits which thrive like weeds in this marvelous soil and climate, we descended to the next platform and saw the farming operations in full swing. I think that it was the best farm I have ever seen in Africa. There was ample water for purposes of irrigation, the grass lands below gave pasturage for hundreds of head of cattle and horses, and, for natives, the people were most industrious. Moreover, the whole place was managed by Mr. Carson on the co-operative system; he only took a tithe of the produce—indeed, in this land of teeming plenty, what was he to do with more? Consequently the tribemen, who, by the way, called themselves the "Children of Thomas," were able to accumulate considerable wealth. All their disputes were referred to their "father," and he also was judge of offenses and crimes. Some were punished by imprisonment, whipping and loss of goods, other and graver transgressions by expulsion from the community, a fiat which to one of these favored natives must have seemed as heavy as the decree that drove Adam from the Garden of Eden.

Old Mr. Carson leaned upon his daughter's arm and contemplated the scene with pride.

"I have done all this, Allan Quatermain," he said. "When renouncing civilization first, I wandered here by chance; seeking a home in the remotest places in the world, I found this lonely spot a wilderness. Nothing was to be seen except the site, the domes of the marble huts and the waterfalls. I took possession of the huts. I cleared the patch of garden land and planted the orange grove. I had only six natives then, but by degrees others joined me; now my tribe is a thousand strong. Here we live in profound peace and plenty. I have all I need, and I ask no more. Heaven has prospered me so far—may it be so to the end, which for me draws nigh. And now I am tired and will go back. If you wish to see the old quarry and the mouth of the ancient mines, Stella will show them to you. No, my love, you need not trouble to come. I can manage alone. Look, some of the head men are waiting to see me."

So he went, but still followed by Hendrika and Indaba-zimbi we turned, and, walking along the bank of one of the rivers, passed up behind the marble kraals, and came to the quarry, whence the material had been cut in some remote age. The pit opened up a very thick seam of the whitest and most beautiful marble. I know another like it in Natal. But by whom it had been worked I cannot say. Not by natives, that is certain, though the builders of the kraals had condescended to borrow the shape of native huts for their model. The only relic of those builders that I ever saw was a highly finished bronze pick axe which Stella found one day in the quarry. After we had examined the quarry we climbed the slope of the hill till we came to the mouth of the ancient mines situated in a kind of gorge. I believe them to have been silver mines. The gorge was long and narrow, and the moment we entered it there rose from every side a sound of groaning and barking that was almost enough to deafen one. I knew what it was at once; the whole place was filled with baboons, which clambered down the rocks towards us from every direction, in a manner that struck me as being unnaturally fearless. Stella clung to my arm.

"It is very silly of me," she whispered. "I am not at all nervous, but I cannot bear the sight of those animals ever since they killed Hendrik. I always think that there is something human about them."

Meanwhile the baboons came nearer, talking to each other as they came. Tota began to cry, and clung to Stella. Stella clung to me, while I and Indaba-zimbi put as bold a front on the matter as we could. Only Hendrika stood looking at the brutes with an unconcerned smile on her monkey face. When the great apes were quite near, she suddenly called out aloud. Instantly they stopped their hideous clamor as though at a word of command. Then Hendrika addressed them.

From the mouth of Hendrika came a succession of grunts, groans, squeaks, click and every other abominable noise that can be conceived. To my mind the whole conveyed an idea of expostulation. At any rate the baboons listened. One of them grunted back some answer, and then the whole mob drew off to the rocks.

I stood astonished, and without a word we turned back to the kraal, for Hendrika was too close for me to speak. When we reached the dining hut Stella went in, followed by Hendrika. But Indaba-zimbi plucked me by the sleeve, and I stopped outside.

"Macumazahn," he said. "Baboon woman — devil woman. Be careful, Macumazahn. She loves that Star (the natives aptly enough called Stella the Star), and is jealous. Be careful, Macumazahn, or the Star will set!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Ship's Boys Wash Shirts.

It was easier to tie a shirt to a line, fling it overboard and let it tow. This will wash clothes—wash all the warp out of them in time. The practice was at last forbidden the boys on the Wizard. It's a lazy boy's wash. The adage "It's never too late to mend" is not applicable on shipboard. It should read "It's never too early to mend." Of course a boy of 16, whose mother has always stitched for him, will allow his clothes to go until they fall off his body before using his needle. As I did. And I sewed myself up only to rip asunder immediately. I went about decks a thing of flaps, rips, rags and abortive patches, until they called me the ship's scarecrow. And so would many another spruce young man under similar discipline. It's good once in one's life to be brought thus low.—Prentice Mulford.

Over Dressing.

The idea that cost is the measure of attractiveness in dress is a very vulgar error. Simplicity of design and a due regard to the congruities of color are essential to elegance in the matter of costume. One might infer from the strong contrasts of gorgeous hues which some ladies affect in their promenade attire that they had learned the art of personal decoration in a herald's college, and held it to be one and the same thing with the art of emblazing. All this sort of thing is an outrage on good taste. A dumpy, high complexioned dame, arrayed in purple silk, with shawl and bonnet of many radiant dyes, is a burlesque on the laws of adaptation which makes the judicious grieve. Assimilation, not contrast, is the secret of true elegance in dress. The several parts of the costume should be in tasteful harmony, with each other, and the whole should be adapted to the style of the figure, the complexion and the features of the wearer.

Shade unperceived still softening into shade,
And all so forming a harmonious whole.

HIS WEDDING GIFT

Thought a Charge of Shot Appropriate and Gave It.

FIRED INTO HIS RIVAL'S BACK.

Bush Miller Wooed and Won His Cousin Statie, but a Red Headed Carpenter Tried to End the Honeymoon with a Gun Before It Had Fairly Begun.

There was an episode in Pike county, Pa., on Christmas evening which came very near ending the married life of a bride and groom within an hour after it had begun. With it is connected a tale of jealousy and attempted murder. Given a girl and two men in love with her, and there is liable to be trouble between the men; but it does not often happen that the unsuccessful rival is ready to kill both the favored one and the girl.

On the Delaware river is Portland, Pa., and about Portland live the various branches of a family of Millers and Bushes. They are all related and constitute the principal society round about, all being well to do farmers. Among them was Miss Statie Miller. About three years ago, when she was a slender lass of 15, with flashing black eyes, a carpenter, Garrett Snyder by name, about 30 years old, came along one day with a kit of tools and settled down to his trade among the Millers, with whom he was distantly connected. Snyder became the slave of young Statie, but he was an awkward fellow with red hair, and a mouth from which four front teeth had been knocked out, and Statie didn't reciprocate his affection. She allowed him to make things for her and to wait on her, but it does not appear that he was an accepted suitor.

He who was destined to win the heart of the black eyed Statie was young Bush Miller, her cousin. He fell in love with Statie and Statie fell in love with him. He is about two years older than his cousin, and a handsome young fellow, said to be in every way worthy of the girl's affection. He had been devoted to her when they were children but it was not till Statie was 16 years old and the carpenter had been worshiping her for about a year that Bush Miller began to look upon her with more than childish affection.

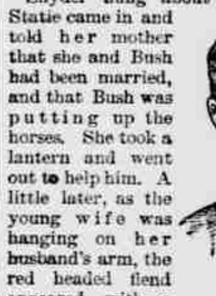
MISS STATIE MILLER.

When Snyder saw that he was supplanted he felt like a Jersey mosquito who lights on the sheet with which the wary sleeper has covered himself all except a breathing place at his nose, and settling over the ear sets up an unearthly howling. Snyder was in an agony of disappointment. He acted like a lunatic. Cupid's shaft must have sunk deep into his heart and been dipped in poison besides. He threatened to injure his successful rival, but those who heard him talk only laughed at him for a lovesick bumpkin.

There is a bridge crossing the Delaware at Portland to Columbia in New Jersey. Now, in Pennsylvania they require all couples about to be married to get a license; but in New Jersey, just across this bridge, none is necessary. The consequence is that Columbia is a Gretna Green for all the young couples matrimonially inclined living in Pennsylvania within miles of the bridge. On Christmas day Bush and Statie started for Columbia with the intention of being united.

Soon after they had gone, the wild carpenter with red hair and his four front teeth knocked out—just the kind of an obstacle to get in the way of a pair of young lovers—went to the house, and seizing Statie's mother by the arm, with a horrible, fiendish glare in his eye and huskiness in his voice, demanded where the couple had gone. The mother, fearing to tell him, said that they had only gone to ride. He asked her if they had gone to get married, and she laughed at the idea. This seemed to partly reassure him.

Snyder hung about till evening, when Statie came in and told her mother that she and Bush had been married, and that Bush was putting up the horses. She took a lantern and went out to help him. A little later, as the young wife was hanging on her husband's arm, the red headed fiend appeared with a shot gun and emptied one barrel into the groom. He fell, and Statie fell on him. He was seriously injured, while his wife received a few stray shots in her arm.



GARRETT SNYDER.

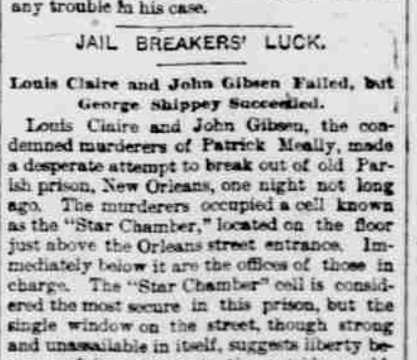
The assassin then disappeared. Shortly after he met a party of friends of the young couple, who told him that they were going to give the newly married couple a calathumpian party or a chiravari or something of the kind. One of them took him by the arm and asked him to go along. Snyder tremblingly agreed. "All right," he said; "I've got to go down to Levi's and change my boots. You fellows go slow as you can and I'll catch up with you before you get there." He has not since been seen in those parts or anywhere else. He wrote a letter to his mother that he had killed a man and was going to commit suicide.

Snyder put a whole charge of shot into the back of young Miller, but the shot were not large. The other barrel was loaded with buckshot, and had not the wife thrown herself on her husband the fiend would probably have put these into him also and killed him. As it is, the wound is not deep. Miller will doubtless recover and the twain will enter upon their married life with an episode that has rendered their honeymoon exciting and will doubtless weld them closer together for life. Meanwhile the "dog in the manger"—the wild, red headed, snaggle toothed carpenter—is probably wandering in the woods tortured by remorse, crazy with fear and at any moment liable to be taken. It will not be safe in this event for the officers to take him near the residence of the couple he tried to kill. Their friends would likely save the law any trouble in his case.

JAIL BREAKERS' LUCK.

Louis Claire and John Gibsen Failed, but George Shippey Succeeded.

Louis Claire and John Gibsen, the condemned murderers of Patrick Meally, made a desperate attempt to break out of old Parish prison, New Orleans, one night not long ago. The murderers occupied a cell known as the "Star Chamber," located on the floor just above the Orleans street entrance. Immediately below it are the offices of those in charge. The "Star Chamber" cell is considered the most secure in this prison, but the single window on the street, though strong and unassailable in itself, suggests liberty because of its nearness to the outside world. Failing in an appeal the condemned men resolved to break out.



SLIPPEY'S IMPLE[illegible]

A table knife and two i[illegible] were the tools. With the[illegible] Gibsen and Claire set to work one night and removed the mortar from the bricks underneath the window and took out a space five feet long, two feet high and eighteen inches deep. The work was arduous and dangerous. An electric light flares all night in the center of the room, and the night inspector is supposed to glance through a grating in the door every twenty minutes. Three roundsmen also walk the prison corridors all night to see that all is well. Whenever an officer came near, one of the prisoners would step to the grating in the door and entertain him with gossip until he moved on. So they labored undisturbed the long night through eighteen inches to liberty and life!

But the wall was four feet thick. They must work another night, and in the morning they began to conceal their stealthy labors. The loose mortar and chips were hidden and the bricks replaced. Newspapers were hung over the broken wall. But the telltale plaster on the floor could not be removed. In vain they brushed and wiped and scrubbed. It would not, would not, would not out. Despairing now of further concealment, Claire sent word to the inside prison keeper and made a clean breast of it.

They could not have succeeded. Their knife was worn and broken and the bars were bent. Even had they gotten through the wall they would have to pass two guards whose special instructions were to watch that cell.

SHIPPEY IN JAIL.

Claire and Gibsen are held to life imprisonment and have been placed in separate cells.

Parish prison is a notorious cage for desperate men. During the early days of the war it was used as a prison for northern soldiers.

The Wyoming jail breaker, George Shippey, is still at large. Shippey is condemned for the murder of one Charles Tannery, and dexterously escaped from the jail at Tunkhannock, Pa., over a week ago.

He is a desperado and the county officials are not inclined to offer a large reward for his capture. Shippey's escape was well managed. He was in stocking feet and is believed to have traveled seven miles in the snow in this condition. A few miles below Tunkhannock a boat was cut from its moorings in the Susquehanna the night of his escape, and was found below Pittston, many miles further down the river. This is believed to have been done to hide the scent, because the murderer was traced to his sister's home in another direction on the night following the escape.

Shippey was willing to have the photograph, from which the accompanying cut was made, taken. He arranged his hair, placed the shackles in plain sight and was anxious to appear well. The chain was cut to effect his escape.

Alice Jackman's Abduction.

Alice Jackman, whose abduction at St. Louis caused a sensation, has returned to the city from Chicago, where she was taken at the time of her disappearance. It appears from the child's story that she was persuaded to leave her Uncle Taylor's house by Mrs. Cudmore, who kept at the little girl, telling her that if Mrs. Brothers could get her and her property she would have plenty of money and live like a princess. She finally consented to run away, and Mrs. Cudmore told her to put on her oldest clothes and wait in the park till some one should call for her. The child waited in the park, but no one appeared to take her away, and at last a policeman asked her what she was waiting for. She says that some one finally took her to the Woman's home, where she remained till Mrs. Brothers took charge of her.

ALICE JACKMAN.

Then came the abduction. Alice heard a noise down stairs, and, going down, Charley Spink seized her and put her in a cab. She was delighted to get away from Mrs. Brothers, she says. She was taken to the Convent of the Good Shepherd, and soon after Charley and Mrs. Spink took her to Chicago. There she was taken by Mr. Ives to his residence at Woodlawn. From Chicago she was returned to St. Louis, where she is now an object of interest in the courts.

Quite Comfortable.

She sat upon his lap, and he
Had both strong arms about her;
He'd just confessed that life would be
To him a blank without her.

"Of course, I love you Will," she said,
"Or I'd not let you court me.
But say, ere I consent to wed,
How well could you support me?"

"Sweet May," he said, and kissed her brow,
"Pray still such foolish fancies,
(He drew her closer) for I'm now
In comfortable circumstances."

—Lawrence American.

Simple Experiments.

Get an ordinary tumbler filled to the brim with water and on it place a sheet of paper so that the surface of the water may be completely covered. Now place one hand on the paper and with the other invert the glass. Then remove your hand from the paper and the water will not fall out, owing to the upward pressure of the atmosphere.

Again, take a piece of thick brown paper about a foot square and heat it at the fire. When hot place it on the table and rub it with a clothes-brush for about half a minute. Then hold the brown paper over some small light bodies—little pieces of blotting paper will do—and the light bodies will jump about in a most excited manner. If the brown paper be held over somebody's head, several hairs will immediately stand on their ends, greatly to the amusement of the spectators.

Another even more striking experiment, and not so generally known, is performed as follows: Get any piece of wood, not too thick, about a foot long, and lay it on the table in such a position that half of it projects over the edge of the table. Place a broad book on that part of it which is on the table. Strike the projecting part of the wood sharply with a strong stick or a poker and the piece of wood will smash in two. You should strike very sharply and without hesitation or the experiment may fail and your book and wood be hurled to the other side of the room.

One more experiment is, perhaps, a little harder to perform than the preceding; but I have seen several people succeed with ease. Get a glass of water and a needle and try to make the needle float. All that is required is a little skill. In the same way ordinary nibs can be floated in water. If you have a magnet—a penny one will do—and rub it on the needle before the latter is placed in the water, it will point, like a compass, to the magnetic pole when floating, no matter what way it may point when first placed in the liquid.—New York Journal.